

Assembly Speaker For Thursday Is Mr. Gus F. Taylor

"I hope I live to see the day when President Roosevelt appoints a woman on the Supreme Court of the United States," declares Gus F. Taylor to the Junior College assembly last Thursday morning in the High School auditorium. Mr. Taylor is a very staunch Roosevelt man, and he expressed his hope for a democratic victory very often throughout his talk.

He emphasized the importance of a junior college before senior college, and how fortunate we are to have one in our city. There were two benefits stressed, economic and personal.

Mr. Taylor stated that because of his lack of education, he had been held back many a time. He advised all girls to read Dorothy Dix and especially to learn to cook, for a way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

"Eleanor Roosevelt is a most wonderful woman. She has done much to rid the country of the sweatshops, and from all her speeches she had kept none of the money for herself, but given it all to charitable institutions." Mr. Taylor is not only for President Roosevelt but also his sociable wife. He also praised a third woman, Madame Perkins.

"I urge boys to get all of the mathematics they can. It is a necessity and a luxury."

The bank president was well-pleased with the school board, the teachers and the principals of the Tyler schools. He congratulated us for having such well-trained, student-loving teachers.

Also on the assembly program was a song by the Junior College Choral Club directed by Dale Patton. They sang "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise." Mr. Patton led the whole assembly in "God Bless America."

Among the numerous announcements, was David Huffman's usual one—Las Mascaras.

The Phi Theta Kappa extended three bids to Louise Crews, Laura Louise Glenn, and Sue Aiken. T.J.C. is proud of these outstanding students.

Virginia McCain has been selected as Tyler Junior College representative to the Forest Festival at Marshall. Other nominees were: Norma Epperson, Mariana Wilson, Margery Otto, Dorothy Johnston.

T.J.C. Features Blackjack Hour On First Program

The 1940 Tyler Junior College radio season got under way Thursday night at 7:15, and if the standard of the following programs are kept as high as the first, some very worth while entertainment is in store.

The program this year is entitled "Apacheland," and is opened and closed with the recording of the Apache Chant by the Boys' Choral Club (at least it was supposed to have been opened with that recording. Due to the failure of the recording to show itself at the proper time the Apache Chant for the first program was sung by the members of the cast quite impromptu).

Ernest Howard did a fine job of announcing the first program. The entertainment section of the broadcast was a college student idea of a typical radio broadcast. The announcer for the Itsy Bitsy Blackjack Company (sponsors of the make-believe program) was Phillip Wolf, while the actress featured on the program was Adrah Hicks, who screamed quite convincingly when the part called for such exercising of the larynx. All in all, the program was dumb, silly, but good.

The script was written by Phillip Wolf and was very witty. He not only showed a grand acting ability, but also wrote and directed the show.

Clare Tree Major Presents Special Materlinck Play

"The Seven Wishes," by Maurice Materlinck, which was presented by the Claire Tree Major troupe Wednesday, Oct. 23, was a huge success. The Tyler public schools, which are responsible for the plays being brought to Tyler, was well pleased with the crowd.

Helen Kilpatrick, an ex-Apache, was one of the cast. Upon her first appearance on the stage, there was a loud applause which momentarily stopped the production. Tyler was proud of this actress. She played her part excellently, with all the ease and poise of a well-trained student. At the end of her most marvelous performance, she was presented with a lovely bouquet of red roses from the Tyler Chamber of Commerce and also with a bouquet of carnations from the high school newspaper.

Maurice Materlinck, who wrote "The Bluebird" also, is now a refugee in the United States. When he first arrived, Mrs. Major asked him to write a play



OLE MAN MOSE

Climaxing the week end "Sadie Hawkins Day" activities in Tyler High School, the management of the Tyler Theater has announced a special Sadie Hawkins mid-night show and Li'l Abner-Daisy Mae contest in which junior college as well as high school students will participate. Highlight of the late show, to be presented in true Dogpatch fashion Saturday at 11:30 p.m. at the Tyler, will be the announcement of the typical "Sadie Hawkins Sweethearts" of Tyler High School and Tyler Junior College selected by a poll of the students in both schools. If present in the theater, the two winning teams will be introduced from the stage and each couple presented with a \$5 cash prize. Consolation prizes will be awarded the runner-up couples from each school, if present, and 10 guest tickets to the Tyler will be awarded the best-dressed Dogpatch couple attending the show.

Contests to determine the typical Li'l Abner-Daisy Mae teams will be conducted in this week's newspapers of both schools, with printed ballots permitting each student to vote for his favorite "Daisy Mae" or her favorite "Li'l Abner." Beauty and a mild hankerin' for the boys are the main qualifications cited for the Daisy Mae selection; the best woman-hater in each school is the object of the Li'l Abner search. Votes must be in by noon Friday, and all voters must sign their ballots. Results of both polls will remain secret until announced Saturday at the midnight show.

Music for the occasion will be furnished before the show, outside the theater and later on the stage, by the Dogpatch Quartet. A special screen program will feature an appropriate picture to be announced later. A singsong of popular and hill-billy numbers will be featured, in addition to a cartoon and newsreel.

especially for her company. This he did.

"The Seven Wishes" was a fantasy about a cruel king who caused his people much suffering from taxes and starvation because of his lust for power and more lands to rule. He had a young daughter, who was taken from him by the two witches of

Magazine List From Library Made Public

We are most fortunate to have a great number of the best magazines in our library. These are very valuable, not only in whiling away many hours, but also in getting information about lessons, debates, records and the like. Our librarian and all others responsible for these are to be recommended.

American Economic Review, American Journal of Public Health, Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Architectural Record, Arts and Decorations, Atlantic Monthly, Bulletin of the Pan American Union, Congressional Digest, Consumer's Digest, Current History and Forum, Design, Elementary School Journal, Elementary English Review, Foreign Affairs, Foreign Policy Reports, House Beautiful.

Hygeia, Journal of Geography, Junior College Journal, Magazine of Art, Musical Quarterly, National Geographic Magazine, Natural History, Popular Science, Reader's Digest, Saturday Review of Literature, School Arts, School Life, School Review, Scholastic, Science Digest, Theater Arts Monthly, Time, U. S. News, Vital Speeches, Vogue Magazine, Aviation Magazine, One-Act Play Magazine.

Sophomores Hold Caucus In The Pow-Wow Office

Last Thursday morning at 8:30 a representative group of sophomores met in the Pow-Wow office to discuss plans for class organization. Mary Jo Bass, Joe Reynolds, King Huffman, Norma Epperson, Louise Crews, and Adrah Hicks were present. King Huffman was the unofficial chairman because R. L. Mayne, who had been influential in securing a meeting was ill. This group met without benefit of council of a faculty member and discussed the questions.

It was decided that a committee would inquire of the dean to see if the school as a whole might elect officers. That is to

(Continued on Page Four)

SKATING PARTY THURSDAY NIGHT IS HUGE SUCCESS

By HELIOTROPE GLUTZ

Last Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock the school gave one of its most successful social functions: A skating party at Burns Lake. The people all met like good children at the school, waited for a ride and were whisked blithely away to the land of the whirling dervish, and his girl friend. The affair was, needless to say, informal to the extreme. Girls wore slacks, and one dissenter went so far as to wear shorts, but methinks she was not of our group. The boys wore their oldest clothes, with an occasional slouch hat thrown in for variety's sake. Nelson Grisham wore a battered old hat over his face and slithered about the place as if it were a race track. He and Branim and Leonard Clark passed the hat about as though it were a crown. Buck and a friend were very flashy, if unsteady, in their loud clothes. They were alone, no dates for them. Spills were had aplenty and the place was alive with good cheer and fun. Little trains were formed with people that you know: Bob Cole, Billy Reilly, Tommy Smith and others at the head. A faithful few at the end of the trains pushed until the train fell. Tommy Smith was the most stalwart figure on the floor. He would pick up J. T. Ingram, Talmadge Main, Billy Reilly and Clay. Clay Ford was undoubtedly the person who received the greatest number of falls. He moved about at a snail's pace on the floor, weaving slowly but ever so unsteadily about the floor, and the slightest disturbance would cause the loss of equilibrium. At one time a person merely spoke, calling his name. The result was a nasty spill with an arm and leg bent under his body in a way which should have spelled broken limbs. But not Clay! Bravely he surged forth to the field of battle. Painfully he delicately picked his way about the floor. The skaters whirled by madly. Eyes followed him about the floor until he was lost in a sea of people. People skating gaily and madly for a brief time. Then came the radio program interrupting the skating. Many forsook the track and heard the program. It was very

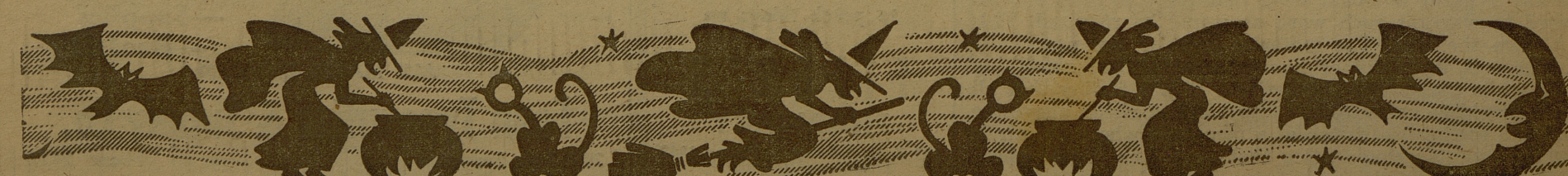
(Continued on Page Four)

Ballot for Tyler Junior College's Typical "Daisy Mae" and "Li'l Abner"

My selection (for Li'l Abner) (for Daisy Mae) is—

Signed.....

Please fill in this blank and give to any member of the Apache Pow-Wow staff or bring to the Pow-Wow office before noon Friday, Nov. 1. Girls must vote for "Li'l Abner" and boys for "Daisy Mae."



The Pow-Wow

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF
TYLER JUNIOR COLLEGE

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Co-Editors in Chief Marcia Moneysmith and
Adrah Janice Hicks
Exchange Editor Nancy Clark
Staff Photographer Philip Wolf
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Growing Pains

Many changes have been wrought since the beginning of this institution. The college started with a handful of people who had little to work with. It grew by leaps and bounds. It is now recognized as one of the foremost Junior Colleges in the state. It not only offers many courses but it offers a means of bridging the gap between High School and College or a job. In either case, when a person graduates from T.J.C. he must face the world all alone.

The high school senior days were the happiest one could imagine. The senior is so certain that he had the world on a string. Nothing is impossible; nothing can stop the senior. But when one goes on one finds that there are a lot of things to make it seem that the feeling was all wrong. To be sure, things were most favorable then. They will never again seem so bright. Never again will the people wake up in the morning knowing that they can conquer the world. But, granting that they can never be recaptured, they were the best days.

This institution brings forth the realization that there are others to compete with, but the others are known. The number of people is not so great as to obscure any one person. There is the feeling that everyone is for you no matter what and that the people really have your best interests at heart. This is shown in many ways, every day.

It would seem that all the people have some real talent. They all have one thing that they can do very well. But the people who are most prominent are apt to overshadow the little talents. The small things are just as good as the large things. But if they are never brought to light they will never be appreciated. Oh, some few will know and praise those things. There are so many different things in the school that afford everyone an opportunity to do something, even if it is only sitting on the sidelines and cheering someone else on the greater things.

Las Mascaras combines a great many activities in one unit. Dramatic work is perhaps the largest thing that the club undertakes. At least two major productions a year are offered. Not only the actors but the prop men, the assistant directors, the makeup department, the wardrobe department, the script, the lights, and a thousand other things are vitally necessary to the success of these productions. The actors may be the most prominent figures in the productions, but as in everything else, there is a great deal of power behind them.

There are the debaters, the declaimers and the numerous other phases of public speaking. There is even included radio work. This is interesting and informative. Not only the actual people whose voices are heard over the ether, but the script writers, the continuity writers, the sound effects, and many others are responsible for the success of programs.

There are many other clubs in school including the newest one which has not yet had its first meeting: the Press Club. This is to encourage writers of all types, and people who are interested in things of this sort. The club will give programs and the like which will be written by the club members. This is not entirely a new idea for there has at one time been a press club. This old club only included the students interested in journalism.

The paper itself offers opportunities to the writers, if they would only take advantage of their opportunities. These things all offer things to people. But, naturally, only the people who can offer something to them can hope to derive any benefit. It would seem that there is little enough reward to warrant such work as would be required. This may seem the case. The material benefits are practically nil. There is the thrill of having accomplished something worth while that cannot be defined. It is a feeling that all people should be permitted to enjoy. It is a rising above the usual and scaling to the top of a mountain where the air is rare. An exhilarating feeling that should be passed about for all to have. But no one but you yourself can acquire it.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

"But Mr. Schultz," I exclaimed, as he surged forward to examine the ancient buildings that had caught his fancy, "consider the consequences. You know nothing about those edifices. They might be the hideouts of a band of cutthroats. They might be inhabited by savages who might fall upon us and tear us limb from limb. Do think, man!"

I did hate to use such harsh language to him, but I did know that unless I took steps he would barge in unannounced. He gave an involuntary shudder. After this spasm passed him, he looked even more determined than ever and barged in without a backward glance. Pete and his men shrugged, withdrew a few yards, and proceeded to take a siesta. I saw that I could depend on no aid from them, so I marched up to the gap through which I had seen his body pass. I entered into a place that I am convinced is truly one of the wonders of the world. It was a room covered with some of the most beautiful, and at the same time gruesome, objects I had even seen. I grew accustomed to the different light and began to see the objects even more clearly and was even more amazed. Soon I discerned the form of an elderly man with ruffled hair and timid manner. He smiled at me shyly and spoke: "Your friend was telling me that he had left you outside, and that you would probably be in a moment." I looked reprovingly at Schultz, who ducked his head. "I am Professor Lainguidal. I have been in this place for twenty-five years and have not seen men like ourselves for a great while I have had to converse with and teach the savages. Would that I might offer some form of hospitality that would show you how glad I am to see you."

We returned the praises to him and told him our business in the Dark Continent. He was interested in it and in our works.

Also he was interested in the United States. "I always wished that I might some day visit that wonderful land of opportunity, but I never got to. I was chasing a beetle one day and found myself suddenly on a boat. That was perfectly satisfactory because I needed a vacation, but I found that the authorities thought it odd. I decided that the spirit was unfriendly, so I had them put me off the boat. For months I sailed in my little

raft with my provisions growing more and more scarce and the dangers mounting daily.

One day I came to the shore of Africa. I was captured by a friendly tribe who decided to let me endeavor to escape instead of roasting me alive. I made by way into the jungle deeper and deeper. One day I had been resting and just got up to resume my journey. I stumbled across these ruins — and, well I have been here ever since, gentlemen."

As he uttered these last words, Schultz beamed on the old gentleman and he returned the glance. He clapped his hands together and servants appeared from the very walls. He assured us that it only seemed that way. Besides we were not yet used to the ways of Africa. It did things to you. He would never leave it. He did wish that we would take some material to leading scientists telling what he had found and the importance of his work. This we said we would do. The servants reappeared and served us some delicious concoction which we feared to inquire about. In Africa one does not ask questions about food and drink. One accepts gratefully.

We chatted with the professor a while and were shown the things he had discovered. He told us how he had established his system, for it was indeed that, of living in the jungle. Then we decided that we had tarried long enough.

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For editors—grindstone.
For motorists—milestone.
For careless drivers—tombstone.

RUMBLINGS ON THE RESERVATION

The sun drops slowly behind the hills. The owl shrieks in a mournful sigh. The earth darkens, and the inhabitants shiver and gather closer around the fire. It is Halloween.

This is the night for the spooks to roam and be free once more. This is the night when the goblins catch the bad little girls and boys—but what about the bad Apaches?

That's a different story. It will have to be discussed from another angle. Halloween night is just naturally the night for meanness. Every boy can let those mean demons inside of him escape, and perhaps not suffer the consequences. To sort of let our dear public know what we think will happen, here are a few predictions.

Marvanette Gordon will take her hate for English History out of her system by piling tin cans up and down and all around Miss Adele's residence. This is just a warning, Miss Adele—if you'll have your yard already filled with cans before Marvanette gets around, then she won't have room to put hers. Don't you thank us for our helpful suggestion?

And then there's that awful, boring Biology. And we all know what Earline Muckleroy thinks of this.



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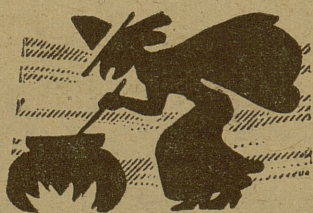
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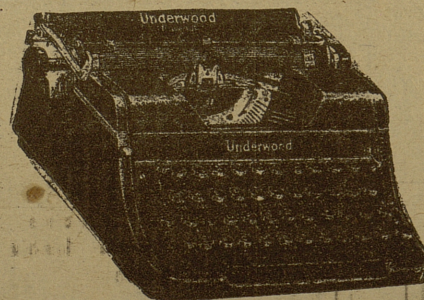
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Wal, folks, i tel ya. i hav ben goin ta school an havin tests an hard assignments til i am about dead. i wish that they would giv us kids a breather. i went to th skatin party th'other night. i shud hav studied but i decided to tak a chanct. they wuz all so dead set on us comin to that function. i had almost fergot what fun it wuz. i wuz glad that i had came. i noticed that Buck and another had on ther loud shirts and ther tongs wuz hanging out. Specially Buck cause he wuz so lanky an ther wuzso much ta drag around that track where they skated.

Miss Mary Henderson said she would hav gon skating on that crowded flor if she had had the

nerve that Clay had. Either the nerve or the foolhardiness. i dont kno what it wuz but that pore fellow shure tuk some tumbles. Bob Cole kept seeting down an havin people push him around. He an J.T. and Billy Reilly an som uv the others were havin fun. Jack Mack looked lik a fiend. He fair burned th track up and all the people whirled around lik mad till i wuz so dizzy that i could hardly tell when they giv us the go ahead signal to the food. Them people sure did fight to git ther friends an git them to let them in th line with them so they wouldnt hav to wait so long, i ate about six douzen of them tamales and i had a few of them apples, but i didnt lik th water so i washed down them vittals with my corn squeezins. i felt maghty gud then so i said hello to them teachers and to mr. Jenkins and, by dern if i didnt gon an skate some.

i had hard trouble keepin my eyes off Brownie Lou. She shore looked sweet and sort of wistful too lik she wuz troubled. She looked jist like my liddle sis only better so i wisht i'd been on the floor. That Wini Main is cuter than a bugs ear to. I shore wisht i'd a ben around afore i seen Amanda cause i shore would hav giv some these blind tee jay romeos a run fer ther money. They cant appreciate a gud thing when they see it.

i listened to that radio program an i wuz so scart when they had th shootin and screamin an stuff. They sure wuz gud and i kno that that must be a heap uv fun. i wisht that i'd hav a chanct to be on that program. i'd show em a thing or two. i have a liddle thing that i whipped up that shud go over big on th radio. i wuz savin it fer Las Mascruzs big play uv the year but i guess these folks ud lik it jist as well. i think that i'll just meander in an tell them about. maybe i can write another play. Liddle Osmosis says ther he'd be d---d if i wud cauze th first one smells but i aint goin to be discouraged by a liddle dumb colt lik thet.

So long,
TH' FARM KID.

The Main Column

Once upon a time, as all good fairy tales begin, there lived in Apache land a courier or town crier who was generally known as Pow Wow but sometimes referred to by the more unintelligent of the little Indians simply as The Paper. A group of stool pigeons known collectively as The Staff were kept busy stool-pigeoning for Pow Wow and his prodigy Papoose.

A few disloyal and untrustworthy Indians were so precocious and recalcitrant as not to have their Official S. P. (Stool Pigeon) report to the Pow Wow on time, so that Pow Wow and Papoose have purchased a two-headed animal to run down late turner-inners. And they called the animal Deadline, and they named the two heads Marcia and Adrah respectively.

One little squaw had such a hard time dodging Deadline that she took refuge in Big Chief Jenkins wigwam, and like Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame cried, "Sanctuary."

Moral of the story: You must have some excuse for being in the dean's office.

Seven little squaws and one little lioness spent the day on the Pittman's farm Saturday, and from this small circle throughout all the reservation has spread the fame of Marion Glasco and Virginia McCain as horsewomen. (They sat on the horse and Pittman led it around the house.)

Notice to Mr. David King Huffman, who has been getting already too much publicity: Starting next issue, you pay the Pow Wow for advertising space (on a commercial basis).

The western hemisphere certainly should form an alliance for hemispherical defense because . . . Yes, but how can they when . . . I said the should not could they . . . But the Latin American surpluses. . . . That's a good point. . . . Thank you, Joe. . . . But that's inconsistent you see. . . . I figured out that if the United States. . . . We. . . . at the Havana conference. . . . Now, listen, Stuart Chase says. . . . Oh, Stuart Chase, bull! Cordell Hull. . . . And even President Roosevelt. . . . What do I care what he says? I'm for Willkie. . . . Yeah, you and the utility companies. I'm for Roosevelt. . . . Yeah, you and the WPA workers. Did you know that in 1932. . . .

And so, we leave debate class, fully convinced that Willkie is the best man. Please—no hard boiled eggs if you don't mind.

Yes, what about Betty Baker and Vernon Turner? My stooges don't report. The grapevine is silent on the matter. I suppose I could ask Yehudi. . . .

Joe Reynolds and Virginia Stamps. Joe smiling happily. Virginia smiling happily. Ernest Howard and Virginia Stamps. Ernest smiling happily. Virginia smiling happily. Floyd Ray and Virginia Stamps. Floyd smiling happily. Virginia smiling happily.

Lounge Lizard

Thanks, Frances Jean, for doing such a good job on the footstool in the lounge, also for the vine. "It's always the little things that count," or so someone told me.

People seen together at the skating party last Thursday night: Katherine Manning and Louis Whisenant, Melba Jo Watson and W. M. Fitzgerald, Virginia McCain and Victor Fry, Lucille Williams and Arthur Williams, Dorothy Johnston and King Huffman, Virginia Stamps and Joe Reynolds, Mary Helen Ray and Travis Wade, etc. Maybe you saw some more?!

Don't get anxious, girls, we really are going to get that radio in the lounge. If you haven't already helped out (and if your finances aren't in the decline) please do your part to help get it.

Don't you think Clay Ford deserves a medal for making such a valiant effort on those skates? We need more Clay Fords on this "stomping ground."

The lounge was slightly neglected last week. "A hint to the wise is sufficient," Janet. It's your turn this week to see that everything looks spic and span.

Where was Carrol Thursday night? His fancy skating was missed by several of the onlookers.

Who do you think ate the most tamales? My vote goes to Mr. Jenkins.

King, in assembly the other day, didn't by any chance insinuate there weren't any lovely girls in Tyler Junior College, did he? Perhaps you need your glasses changed, Mr. Huffman.

Exchange

A garlic sandwich is two pieces of bread in bad company.

"Is my dress too short?"
"It's either too short or you're in it too far."—Jester.

A petunia is like a begonia.
A begonia is a sausage.
A sausage and battery is a crime.
Monkeys crime trees.
Trees a crowd.
A rooster crowds in the morning
And makes a noise.
A noise is between your eyes.
Eyes are the opposite of nays.
A horse nays.
Horses have colts.
You get a colt and go to bed
And wake up in the morning with
double petunia.

—South Texan.

Remember the poor—it costs nothing.

I cannot stand the heat, he said,
"Twill kill me much, I fear.

Oh try to live, the maiden cried.
You'll be much cooler here.



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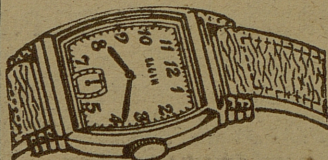
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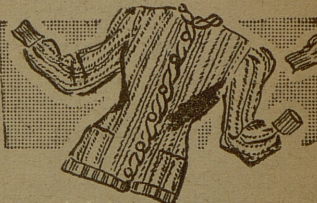
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Skating Party—

(Continued From Page One)

clever and Mr. Phillip Wolf, who wrote it and directed it—Noel Coward Wolf—and the members of his cast should be praised.

Then back to the gay, mad whirl. People whirled by. Mr. Ford crept by. After a 30-minute interval back around came Clay Ford. Miss Henderson gave up trying to get him away from the massacre and shook her head.

Soon the faculty gave the signal that the tamales were ready for the onslaught. People snatched off their skates, dashed out to the table and got in line. Quite a bit of letting one's friend was tolerated. There was food aplenty. Tamales, apples, potato chips and water were served to the eager students. Soon all was still except for the squint of demolished tamales, the crunch of potato chips and the squish

of apples being devoured, with gurgles of swallowed liquids.

Several people, their minds weakened by the food, went back to the scene of the recent battles and skated again. The group met about a campfire and felt quite like real Apaches. Then all were whisked back home again.

Sophomores—

(Continued From Page One)

hold a schoolwide election. In a school as relatively small as Tyler Junior College the whole school could be organized and, it is felt, could arouse more interest and accomplish more. A committee consisting of Louise Crews, King Huffman and Joe Reynolds was appointed to consult with the dean.

In the event that the sophomores need an officer or officers they could be selected. A group of students elected in a schoolwide election would bring about unification and understanding in the school. Also something could be accomplished. The sophomores would like to leave something to the school and would also like to give some party for the school as a whole. The only other organization which has given a social function for the whole school is the Engineer's Club.

In the immediate future a meeting will be called for all sophomores to meet and discuss their plans. The whole student body is advised to be thinking of nominees for the offices. Elections, campaign speeches and all the "election trimmings."



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BOYS' SHOP

MEDICINE MAN

Dear Editors:

It seems that the Apache tribe is lacking in one respect. We have a totem pole, Pow-Wow, Big Chief, etc., but all good Indian tribes boasted a medicine man. Who could have cured all the ailments, both physical and mental, of the tribe if there had been no medicine man? I feel that my services in answering questions weighing on the minds of my fellow tribesmen are greatly needed. I have overheard some few questions, as I have wandered from tepee (room) to tepee, which I now attempt to answer. Don't you think you should co-operate with me in my efforts to relieve the suffering of these Apaches by publishing the answers to their questions in the great Apache Pow-Wow?

Dear Fix-it-all,
What is the best approach to Hollywood?

Irene King

Dear Starlette,
I would think that the train would be the most comfortable. Think Nothing Of It

Dear Medico,
Why do Dorothy Johnston and Martha Jo Hawes say they are not interested in the boys?

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled One,
Confidentially, they didn't mean for it to reach the ears of Martin and Bill.

Yours,

We Fix 'Um

Mr. Indian Man,
Doesn't Joe Reynolds pay any attention to the girls?

I. M. Interested

Dear You-Should-Be,
He might if you were a visiting princess.

I. M. Interested Too

Dear Fix 'Um,
Why doesn't Lorenia Mayer show an interest in brunettes?

I'm a Brunette

Dear Hopeless,
Could it be that she's interested in certain blondes, but you might change her mind.

You're Welcome

Dear M. M.,
Could you tell me why a certain person has deserted the

Methodist Church to go to the Presbyterian Church?

Janet Anderson

Dear Jan,

What tall, dark, and handsome Jr. College man goes to the Presbyterian Church?

Yours Truly

Dear Spoon-in-the-mouth,

Why is it that I can't distinguish freshmen from sophomores?

Betty Jane Baker

Dear B. J. B.,

Could it be because you are a freshman?

M. M.

Dear Brew-Mixer,

What shall I do about speaking to the people I'm not sure whether I've met or not? If I speak they think I'm fresh; if I don't speak, they think I'm stuck up.

Dazed

Dear Freshman,

Why not start a rogues gallery of everyone you meet? You haven't met me (I hope)

Dear Herb Man,

What is the most scientific way of getting the Apache Pow-Wow ready on time?

Adrah and Marcia

Dear Eds,

Put your feet on a desk and start shouting orders to the nearest person. Maybe it'll work.

Yours for news

Dear Medicine Man,

What is the funny name that I hear Miss Brandenburg's niece answering to? Also, what does her niece call her?

Wondering.

Dear Fresh,

Her full name is Brownie Lou Davidson. She answers to Brownie, Lou, or both combined. She calls Miss Brandenburg



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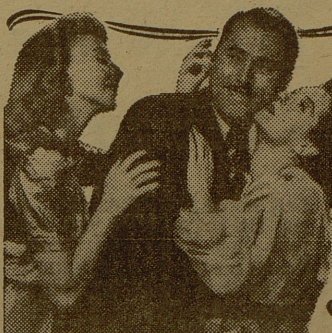
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FREE NOISEMAKERS and SERPENTINE!

Auntie Neen, but I wouldn't advise you to call her that.

A word to the wise is sufficient

Dear Medicine Man,

Do you know anyone who can speak loud, long, and convincingly? I need them for my debate team.

R. R.

Dear Aunt Ruthie,

I know so many who can talk loud and long. Would that help?

M. M.

Clare Tree—

(Continued From Page One)

Bread and Coal. Miss Kilpatrick played the role of the Witch of Coal. The young princess falls in love with a lad who in reality is the son of her father's enemy, but his real identity is not known until the climax is reached. After many hardships and struggles with wars and internal strife, the king decided to give up his crazed ambitions. His daughter was returned to him, and she married the son of his hated enemy. This reunited the countries, and everything and everybody was "happy ever after."

Another of Mrs. Major's plays will be presented Jan. 22. This will be "Robin Hood," and will be well worth your time to attend.

ARCADIA

THURSDAY . . . 11:30 P. M.

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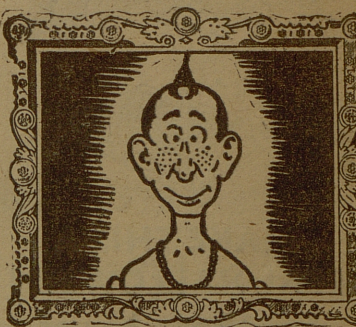


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